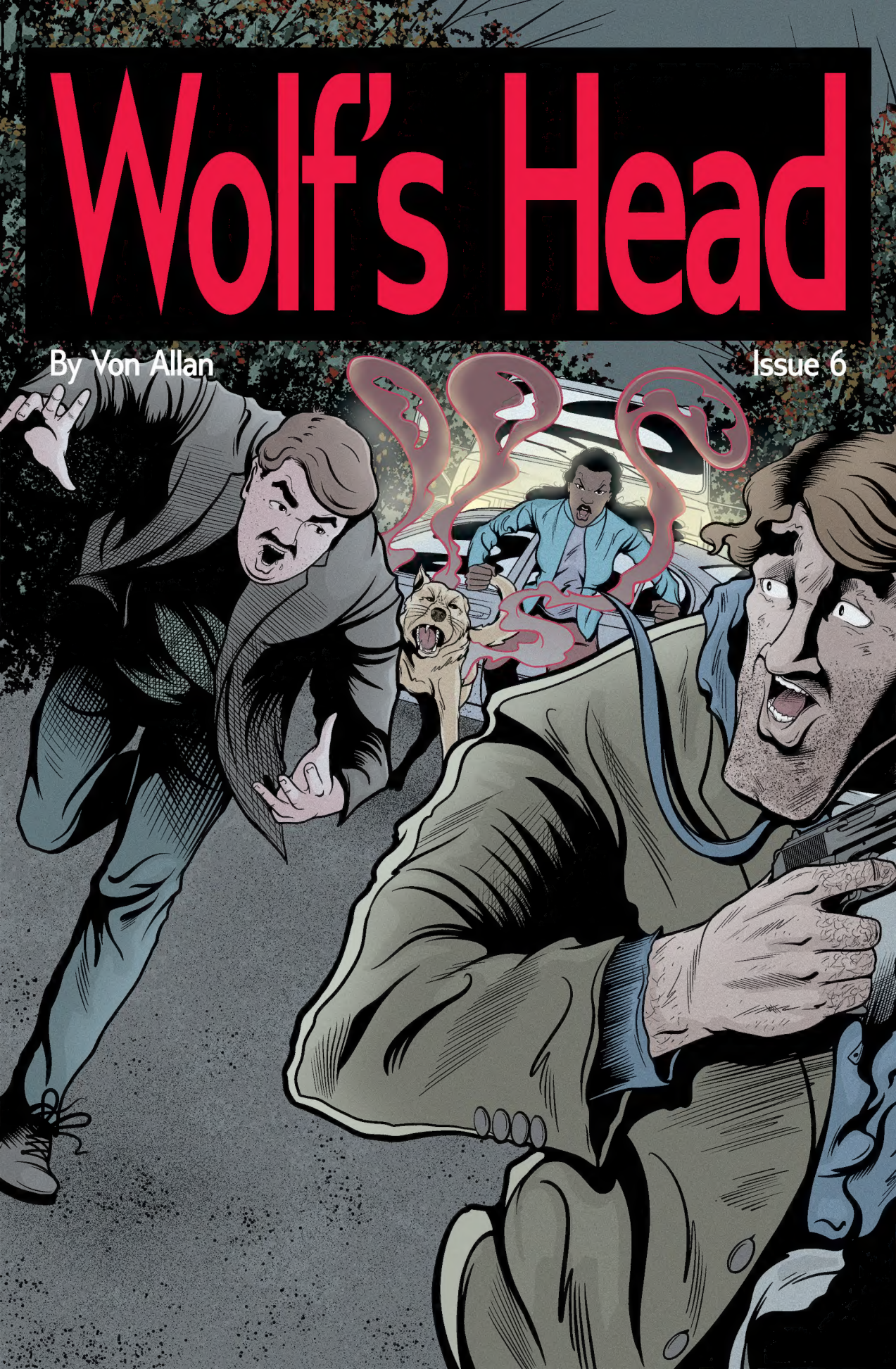
Wolf's Head

By Von Allan

Issue 6



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By Von Allan

Edited by Sam Boswell

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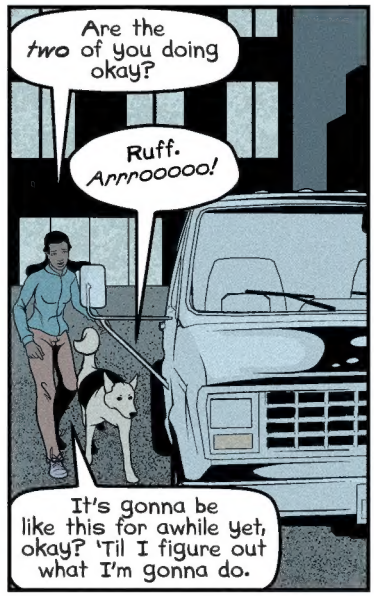
Published by Von Allan Studio, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.
Email: media@vonallan.com Web: https://www.vonallan.com

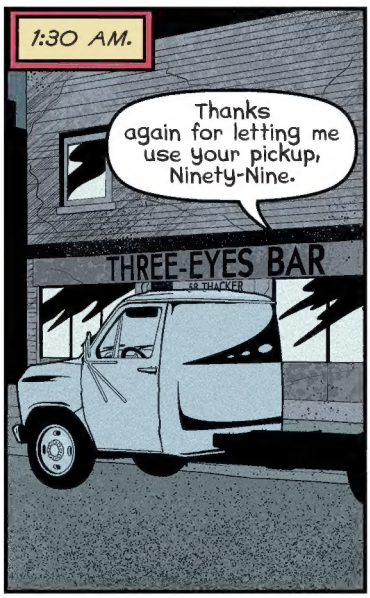
ISBN 978-1-989885-05-5 (electronic book)

Raymond Stevens Office Tower, the outskirts of Detroit, Michigan. October 31, 2017, 12:15 AM.
Shift's over, Lauren! That's enough for today! Come get yer crazy boy dog!
Okay, Jimmy, I'm just finishing up here. I'll be down in a few minutes. I hope Sankó's been behaving himself.
Of course he is. Yer dog is great!
SEE AMERICA
WELCOME TO MONTANA

Thanks for looking after Sankó, Jimmy. He loves hanging out with you security boys!
C'mon! It ain't us. He just loves the pizza he gets!
That, too!


Are the *two* of you doing okay?
Ruff. *Arrrooooo!*
It's gonna be like this for awhile yet, okay? 'Til I figure out what I'm gonna do.

I wasn't expecting to own both a dog and a ***super-machine.***
Let's head over to Ninety-Nine's bar for a bit, okay?
Double-shifts are fucking hard. I could use a shot or two after all that. I'm aching.


1:30 AM.
Thanks again for letting me use your pickup, Ninety-Nine.
THREE-EYES BAR

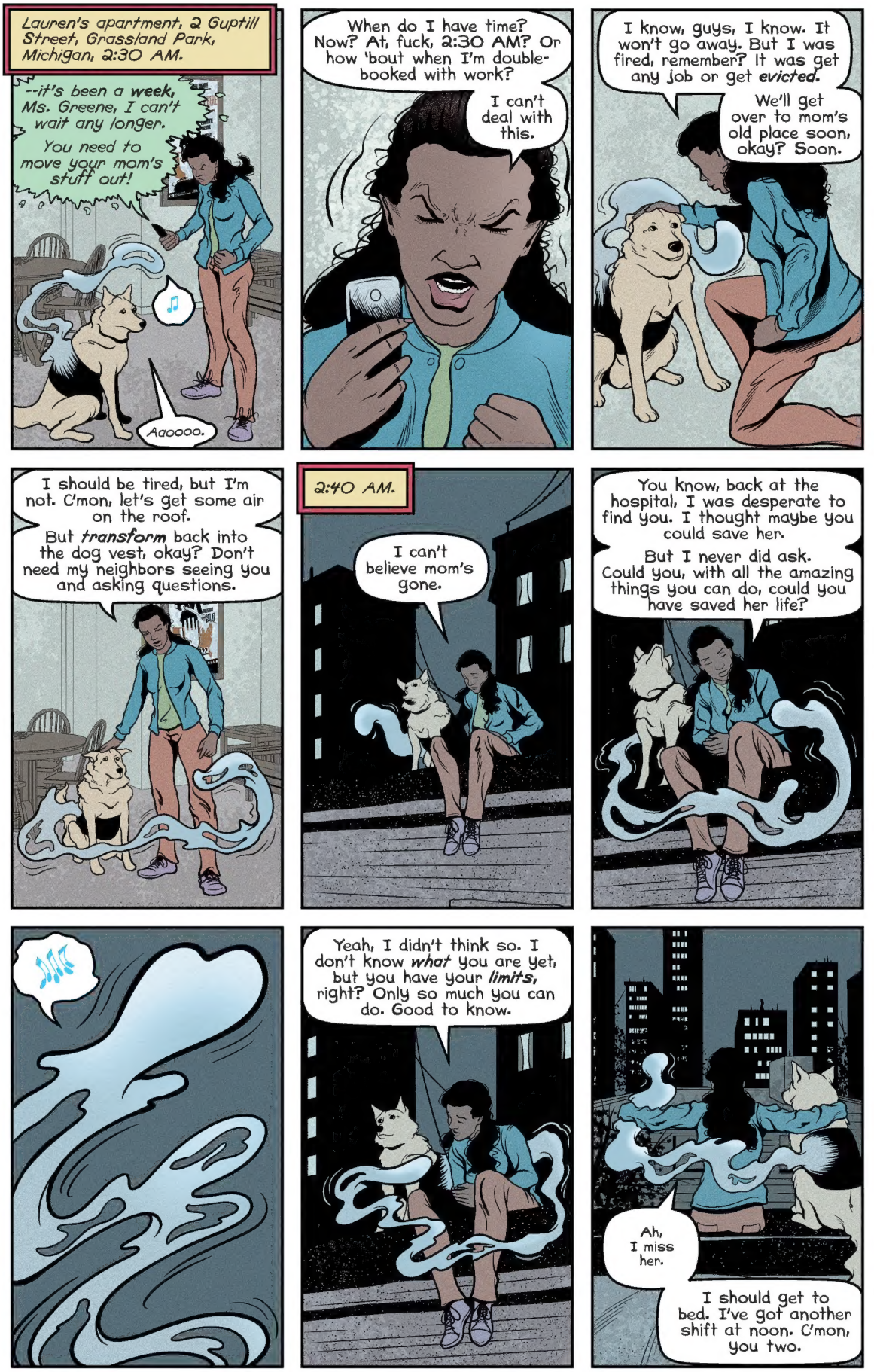
I'd ***never*** be able to do this kinda work without it.
You bet. I really only need it if my Honda is in the shop, so it's no problem.

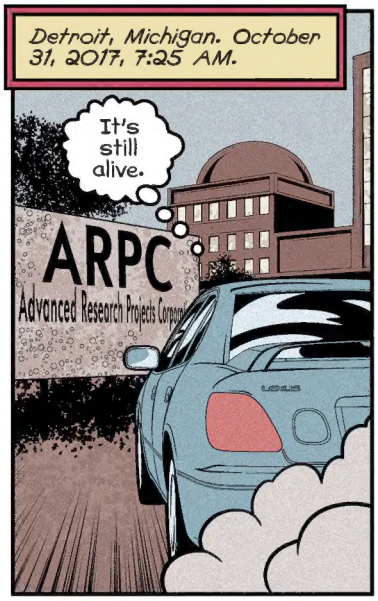
You haven't had a chance to clear out your mom's place yet, right?
No.
Do you still need help with that?
No, I just have to figure out ***when*** to do it.

After I spread my mom's ***ashes*** in the river I thought everything would get easier. It ***didn't.***
And now her landlord is pushing me to get it done.
Aw, Ninety-Nine. She should have lived another thirty years!

FUCK!
Disease is never fair. You'll get through it.
You think?
Not think. ***Know.*** Give it time. Speaking of which--

--***Last call,*** everyone!
That's my cue. I'm gonna head home and get to bed.
I've got ***another*** shift to do at noon. And then ***another*** night shift. Fun times.

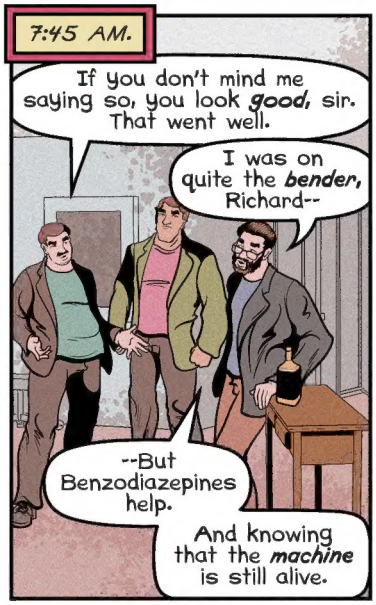

Lauren's apartment, 2 Guptill Street, Grassland Park, Michigan, 2:30 AM.
--it's been a week, Ms. Greene, I can't wait any longer.
You need to move your mom's stuff out!
Aaoooo.
When do I have time? Now? At, fuck, 2:30 AM? Or how 'bout when I'm double-booked with work?
I can't deal with this.
I know, guys, I know. It won't go away. But I was fired, remember? It was get any job or get evicted.
We'll get over to mom's old place soon, okay? Soon.
I should be tired, but I'm not. C'mon, let's get some air on the roof.
But transform back into the dog vest, okay? Don't need my neighbors seeing you and asking questions.
2:40 AM.
I can't believe mom's gone.
You know, back at the hospital, I was desperate to find you. I thought maybe you could save her.
But I never did ask. Could you, with all the amazing things you can do, could you have saved her life?
Yeah, I didn't think so. I don't know what you are yet, but you have your limits, right? Only so much you can do. Good to know.
Ah, I miss her.
I should get to bed. I've got another shift at noon. C'mon, you two.


Detroit, Michigan. October 31, 2017, 7:25 AM.
It's still alive.
ARPC
Advanced Research Projects Corporation

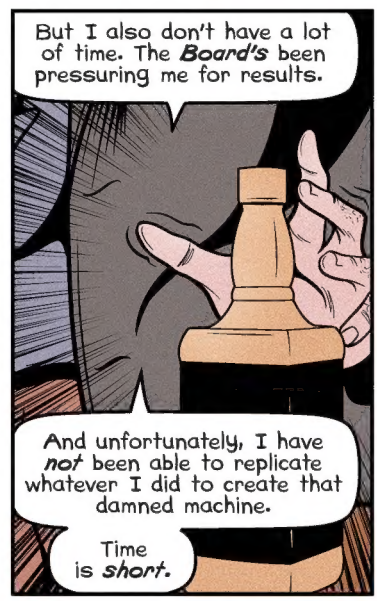
On behalf of everyone here at ARPC, we're all very glad to have you back, Mr. Hamilton.
I'm glad to be back, Gillian. It's--
It's still alive.

--It's lovely to see you, Benjamin. It's--
It's still alive.
--It's good to see all of you.

Gentlemen, ladies, please. I'm going to my office to try and catch up with what I've missed over the last few weeks.
My absence was--
It's still alive.
--unfortunate. I'll see you all later.


7:45 AM.
If you don't mind me saying so, you look good, sir. That went well.
I was on quite the bender, Richard--
--But Benzodiazepines help.
And knowing that the machine is still alive.

And now that we know it's reunited with Lauren Greene after the unfortunate death of her mother, we have options.
I wish her mother's death, even if it was ultimately not our fault, didn't bother me.


But I also don't have a lot of time. The Board's been pressuring me for results.
And unfortunately, I have not been able to replicate whatever I did to create that damned machine.
Time is short.

We're here for you, sir.
Anything you need.
T-Thank you.

Now, I have some some catching up to do. Paperwork. I'll see you two in a couple of hours. We have a lot to discuss.

October 31, 2017, 9:45 AM.
Sorry to do this, Lauren, but there's a conflict at the office.
We don't need you at noon. Have a nice day.

Well...

Shit, I guess that excuse is gone. I don't have to work the other job 'til tonight.
Alright, let's go over to mom's place.

Lauren's mom's apartment, 75 McGree Street, South Line, Michigan, near Metro Detroit, 10:30 AM.

What the hell? Key ain't working?

Yeah, it's the right key.
Why won't you turn? Someone gummed it up, maybe--

--Whoops, sorry--
Oh, Lauren! I'm so sorry about your mom.
T-thank you. I was just here to start picking up her stuff.

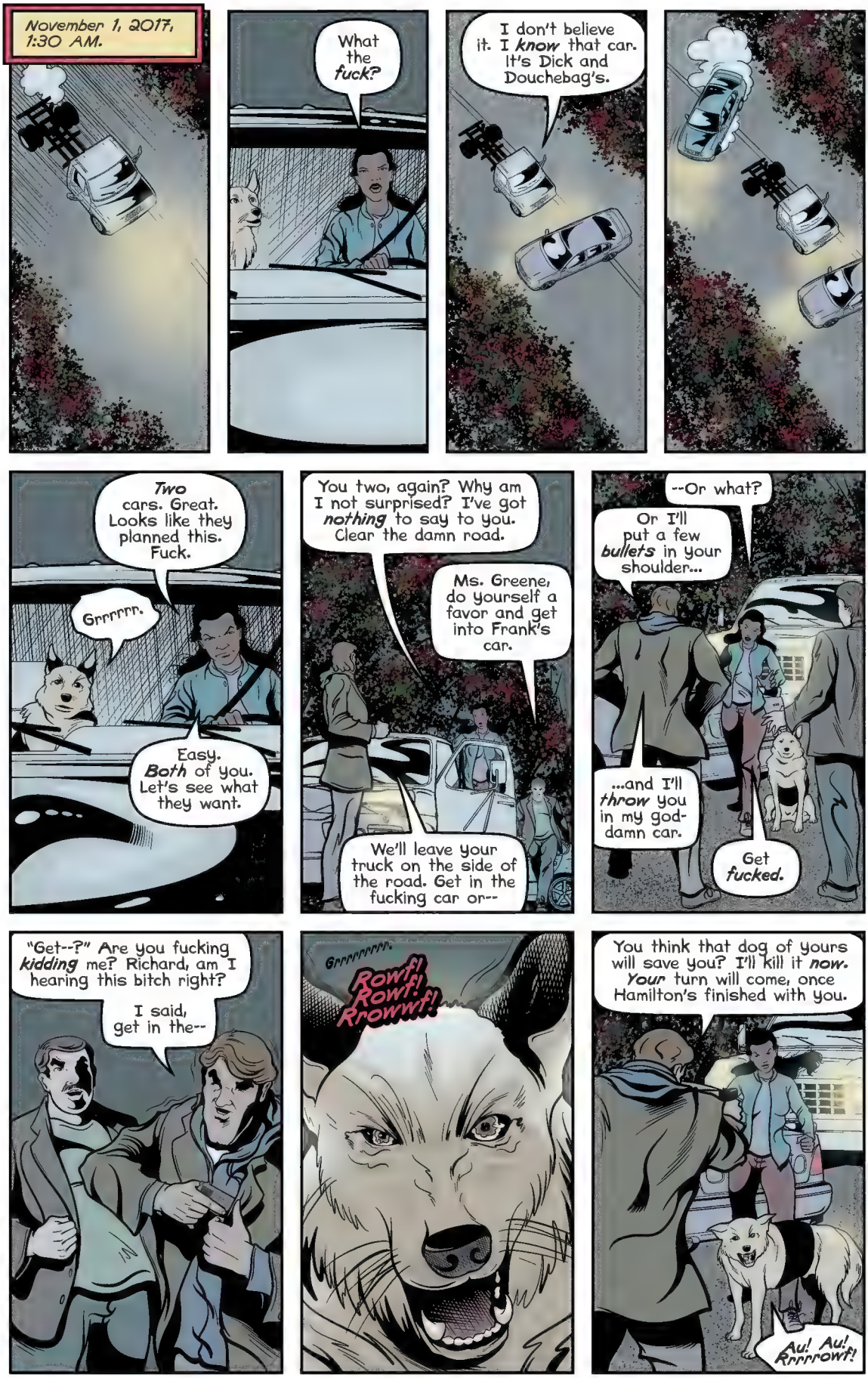
Oh, sweetie, I'm so sorry. The landlord *threw out* all of her stuff yesterday. What's left is in the dumpster out back.
It's *already* been picked through, though.

He did what?

Oh my god.
Aw, mom.
"Aw, no."
I-I should have come sooner. Stupid. So stupid. *Why* didn't I just come sooner?
M-mom.
I-I... What am I going to do?

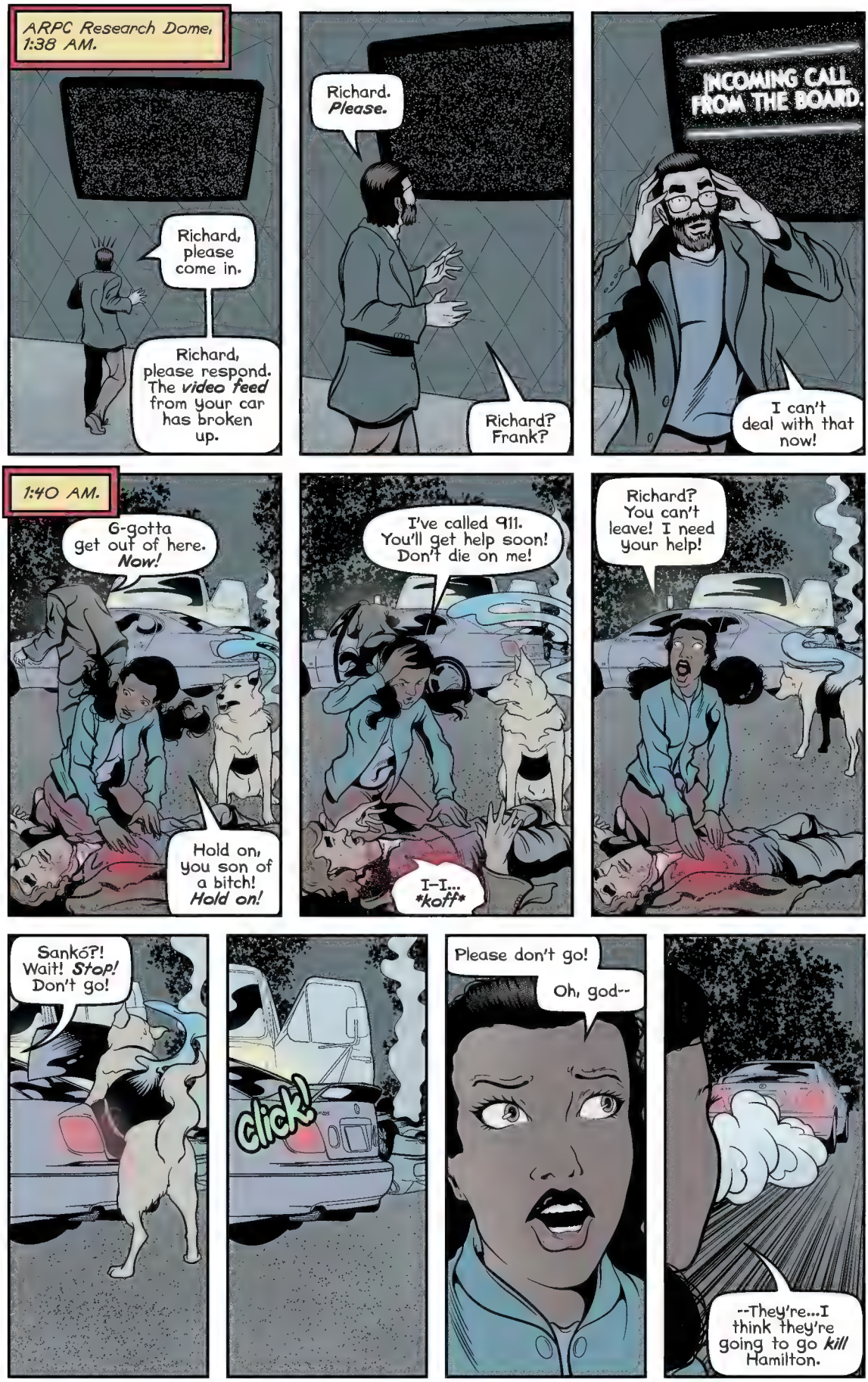
10:40 AM, ARPC.
Here's exactly what we're going to do, gentlemen.
The plan is simple.
We now know, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that this machine cares for Lauren Greene.
And it cared for her mother.
It was never designed to do that, but it does.
All we need to do, gentlemen, is get our hands on her. The machine will come for her.
What if Lauren pulls a stunt like her mom did?
We can't kill her, because she's the only bargaining chip we have. And I do not want to repeat the same incident that led to her mother's death.
But Ms. Greene is younger and significantly more athletic than her mother was. That's an asset to us.
And Lauren and my machine are bonded, that is now very clear.
I didn't recognize just how much it communicates with these women.
I've already pulled all her employment records. I know where she works. And we already knew where she lived.
We will pick our spot. Once she's ours, it will come.
Are you sure, sir?
You're right, Richard. We were tricked once before.
If it doesn't come, Ms. Greene's... vitality...gives us leverage.
You'll be up for that, Frank?
Oh, yes, sir. I am.
That should be enough.
You go tonight. I'm dismissing the night staff for the evening.
There will be no one to interfere. Bring her to me.
And once I've got her, it's only a matter of time before I have it. Then...I'm going to grind it down to parts to figure out exactly how it does the impossible.

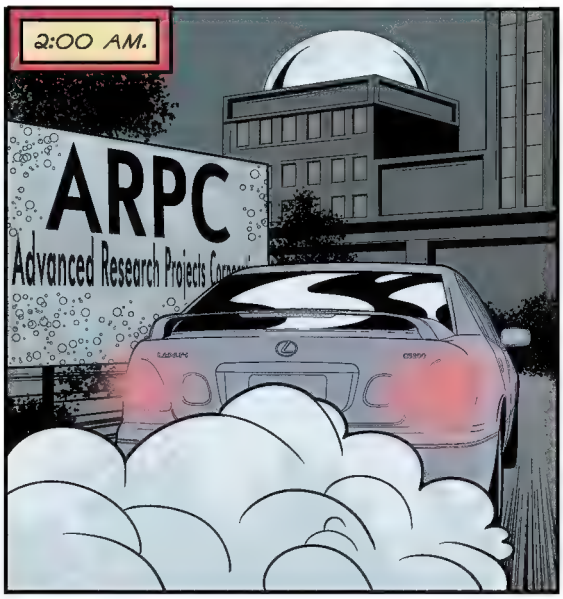
October 31, 2017, 12:23 PM.
Got a few boxes worth of stuff, anyway. That's something.
This is all that's left of her, but she was so much more than this.
C'mon, guys. We've got to get this stuff home and then I gotta get to work.
You two can hang out in the security room with Jimmy.
And that means more pizza, buddy.
While I scrub.
Raymond Stevens Office Tower, November 1, 2017, 12:45 AM.
The boss's intel was bang on, Richard. She's exactly where she's supposed to be. Doing that shit job of hers.
He's rarely wrong, Frank. Alright. That means she should be on the road soon.
We'll grab her at the agreed upon spot.
Remember: we just have to bracket that piece of shit truck of hers. Let's get into position.


November 1, 2017, 1:30 AM.
What the fuck?
I don't believe it. I know that car. It's Dick and Douchebag's.
Two cars. Great. Looks like they planned this. Fuck.
Grrrrrr.
Easy. Both of you. Let's see what they want.
You two, again? Why am I not surprised? I've got nothing to say to you. Clear the damn road.
Ms. Greene, do yourself a favor and get into Frank's car.
We'll leave your truck on the side of the road. Get in the fucking car or--
--Or what?
Or I'll put a few bullets in your shoulder...
...and I'll throw you in my goddamn car.
Get fucked.
"Get--?" Are you fucking kidding me? Richard, am I hearing this bitch right?
I said, get in the--
Grrrrrrrrr.
Rowf! Rowf! Rrowwf!
You think that dog of yours will save you? I'll kill it now. Your turn will come, once Hamilton's finished with you.
Au! Au! Rrrrrowf!

Hamilton
Oh my god...
Grrrrrrrrrrr.
Rowf! Rowf! Rrowwf!
Hamilton!

Hamilton!
Mr. Hamilton! The machine! It's *here!*
It's *active!* We don't have the firepower to stop it. It's
---argggh!


ARPC Research Dome, 1:38 AM.
Richard, please come in.
Richard, please respond. The video feed from your car has broken up.
Richard. Please.
Richard? Frank?
INCOMING CALL FROM THE BOARD.
I can't deal with that now!
1:40 AM.
G-gotta get out of here. Now!
Hold on, you son of a bitch! Hold on!
I've called 911. You'll get help soon! Don't die on me!
I-I... *koff*
Richard? You can't leave! I need your help!
Sanko?! Wait! Stop! Don't go!
click!
Please don't go!
Oh, god--
--They're...I think they're going to go kill Hamilton.


2:00 AM.
ARPC
Advanced Research Projects

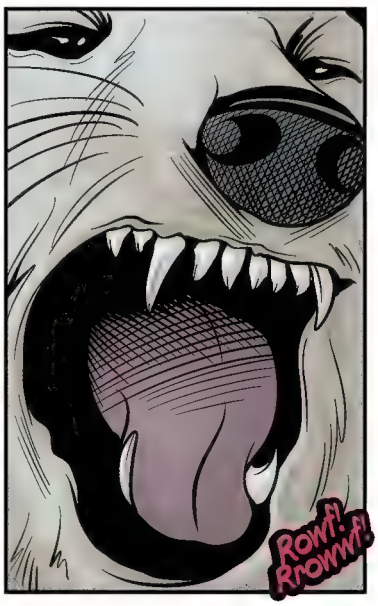
Richard? Yes, I see you pulling in now. Get up to the dome as fast as you can.
Y-yes, sir. I--

--I--Oh my god, it's here! Jeremy!
The machine is here in the car with me! With that dog!
I-oh god. S-stay away. Sta-- --arrrrrghhh!

Grrrrrr...

Grrrr...

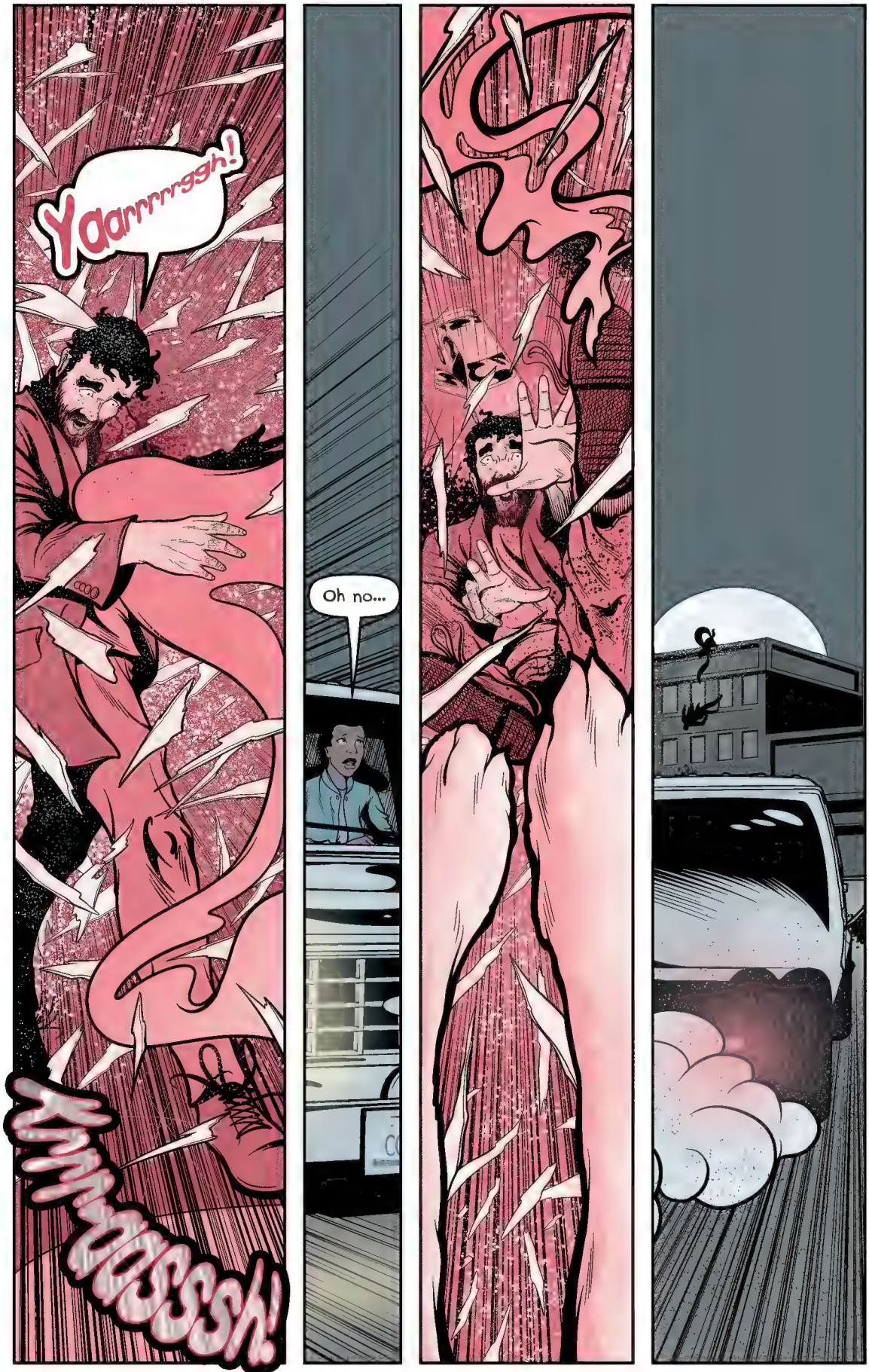
Hamilton.
Hamilton!


Rowf! Rrowwf!

Hamilton!
ssssssssh!!
Noooo!
Rowf! Aroot. Ruff. Aoooooo. Ruff. Arrrrooo!
Hamilton!

L-look at you. Look at what you've become. You're amazing.
Grrrr...
It doesn't have to be like this. Listen to me. Please. I–We--
--We could be friends.
Hamilton.
Rrrrrr...
2:05 AM.
Help this man!
WAYNE COUNTY
Miss! You can't leave! Miss!
I don't know what killing would do to it, but I think it just might destroy it.
I don't know how it could live with itself after doing something like that.
C'mon! C'mon!
J-just listen to me. It-it doesn't have to be like before.
I understand that now. We could work together.
Listen--
Hamilton!
RRROOOOWF!
Argggh!

How much time has passed? Do I have *enough* time?
I won't fail again. Not this time.
Oh, g-god...
k-koff I-I *koff, koff* I surrender. Please.
P-please!
Y-you're *killing* me, you fucking machine. *I made you--*
--argggh!!
Rrrooooow!
Hamilton!
HAMILTON!
I'm not gonna be in time.
Oh, god, Mom, I blew it again. M-mom.


Yaarrrrrggh!
Oh no...
KRRRUUSSSH!

2:20 AM.
Oh, thank god, Hamilton is still alive.
Machine? Please, stop this now.
You and Sankó *have* to stop.
♪ Hamilton. ♫
I m-made you.
koff, koff
I made you.. You're-- *koff, koff* --*mine.*

Stop!
B-buh. B-bbuh...

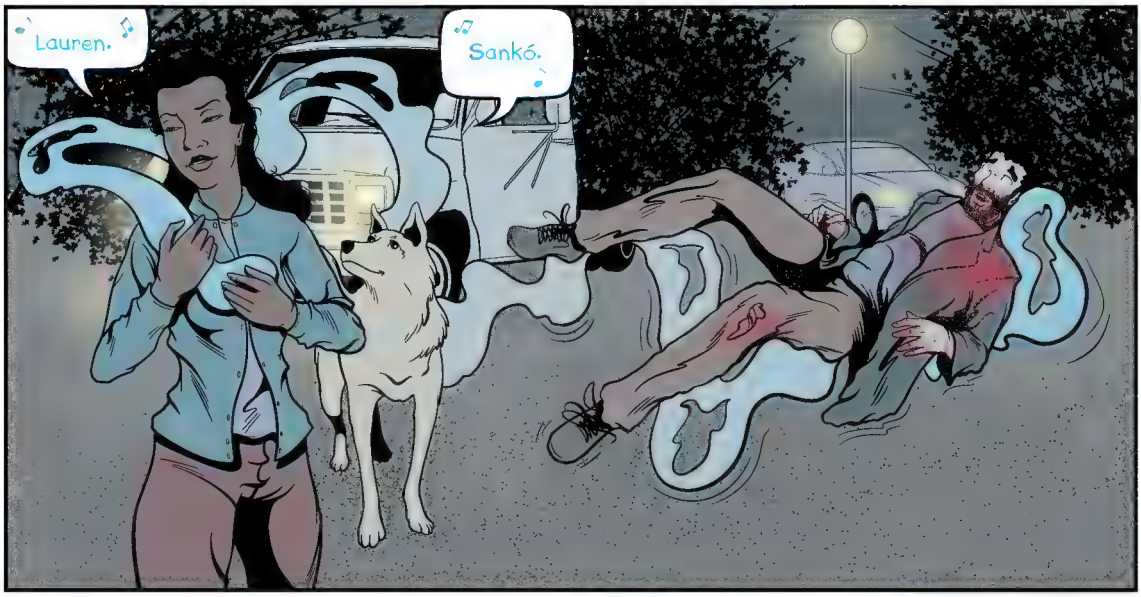
You *can't* kill him. You *can't*. Please stop.

Stop. Life is important, even *his* life. I know you know that. Deep inside. My mom taught you that.
Hamilton's said all along that you're just a machine built for war. That's what he wanted you to do. Kill.
Kill whoever. Whenever. At a whim. *His* whim. And those he *serves*.

But you've already shown you know better than that. *Way* better.
But if you kill him, he *wins*. You'll have become what he wants you to be.

What he *always* wanted you to be. And everything he said about you will be true.
You *can't* let him win.
Don't do this.

Killing him *isn't* justice. It's murder. Who are you to do that? Who are *any* of us? Please don't do it. *Please*.
As hard as it is, let him go.


Lauren.
Sankó.

Hamilton? I've called 911. They'll be here soon.
They'll take care of you.

You have to stop this.

You've got surveillance. I know that. You know *all* about me.
So *what?* Look what it did to you. Your men. It'll take *months* for you all to recover.

Stop this.

I-- *koff* -- gave it life. I created it from nothing. Me. No one else. Me.
It should be mine.
It should do what I want it to do. It's only fair.

Fair? Fair?!
Fuck you. Fair. My mom died and that wasn't fair at all.

Quit whining about how your pet war machine doesn't kill when you want it to. What the hell's the matter with you?
You should be proud of what it's become. Look at it. You've actually created life. New life. How many men ever get to say that?

If you're smart. Really smart like you think you are, you'll realize you created life, but what that life becomes isn't up to you.
But it's mine.

Not any more.
I-I-- Lauren.

Whatever. C'mon guys, let's get the hell out of here.
Hamilton? Let it go.
I-I...

I can't.

November 1, 2017, 8:22 PM.
Lauren's apartment.

And here's Yu Darvish with the first pitch. Outside, ball one.

The Dodgers are playing the Astros in the final game of the World Series. Game Seven. Do you believe that?

The Astros are even going for their first championship. Two months after that *hurricane.*

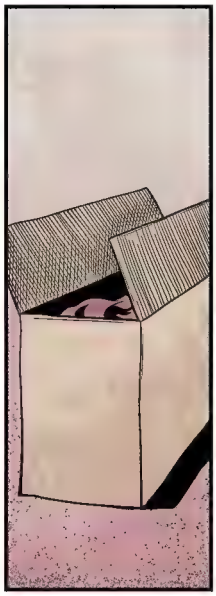
Mom died before Game One even started. Huh.

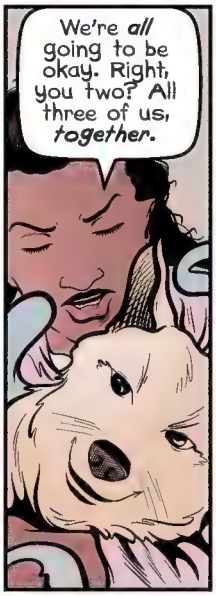
She would have been riveted, even though the Tigers didn't make it. I'd probably be with her, eating ice cream and watching her. She'd a been like a little kid, *mesmerized.*

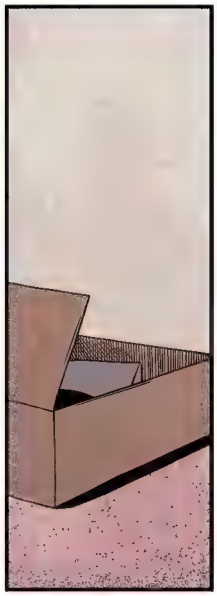
Aw, mom. We used to do so many things *together*. Face things together. I-I never thought I'd have to face things alone.

But it's okay. I think I get that now. I don't have to hold on to what *was*.
Or what I hoped could be. That's all in the past now. And as hard as it is. As hard as it's going to be--

--I'm going to be okay.




We're *all* going to be okay. Right, you two? All three of us, *together*.

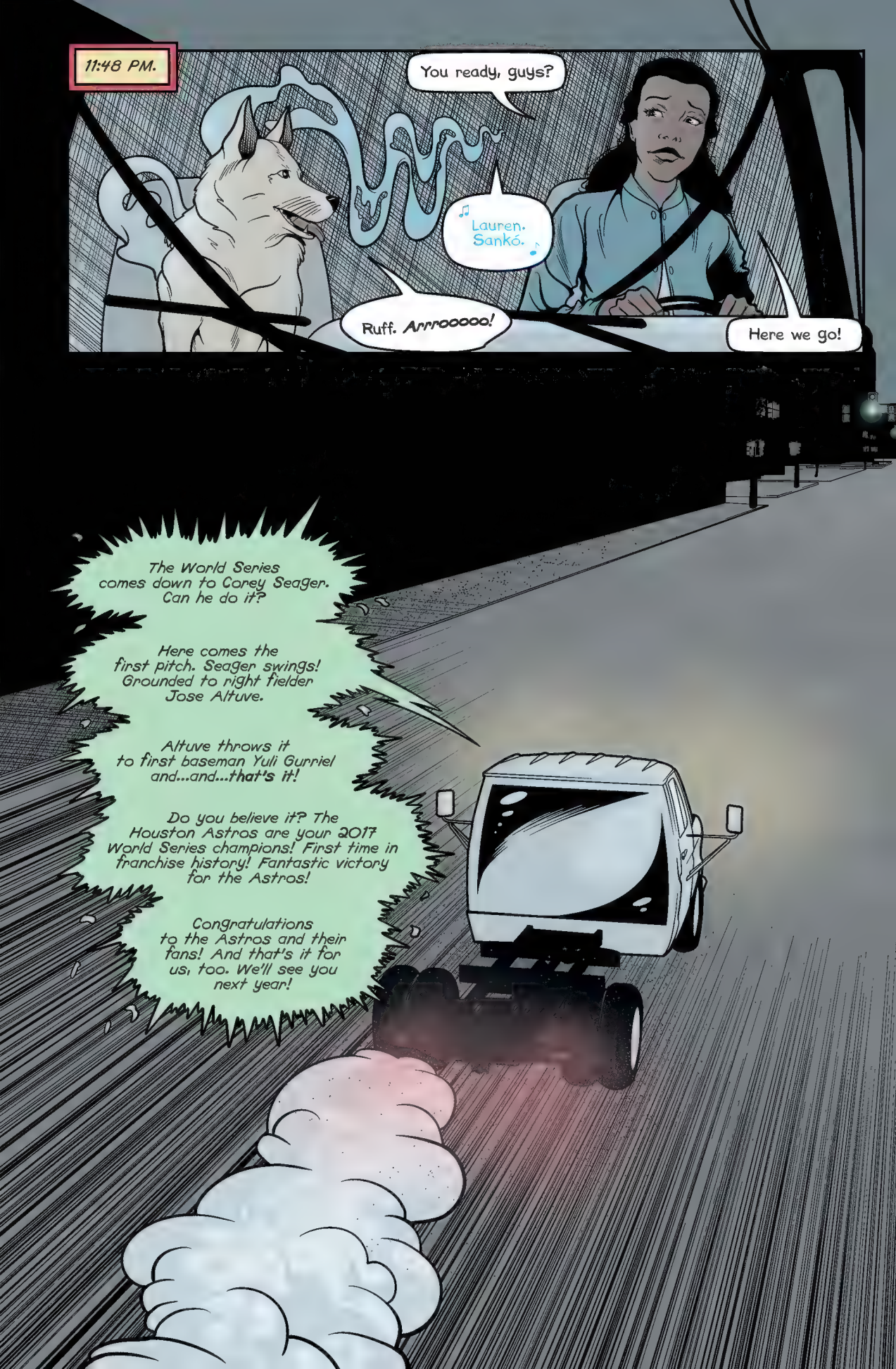


G-goodbye, mom. I'll miss you forever.

10:03 PM.
Hey, Ninety-Nine? It's me. I've been doing some thinking. I'm going to *leave* Detroit for awhile.
I just feel that I could use some *space*.

I think a *road trip* would do me some good. Sankó, too.
I managed to stash some cash over the past week. Not much, but if I *skip out* on rent, I should be okay. Yeah, well, there's not much of mine here anyway.

'Course, I *don't* have a car anymore. So, I need a favor. You got that ole car out of the shop, eh?
Okay, good.
About that old *truck* of yours...


11:48 PM.
You ready, guys?
Lauren. Sankó.
Ruff. Arrrooooo!
Here we go!
The World Series comes down to Corey Seager. Can he do it?
Here comes the first pitch. Seager swings! Grounded to right fielder Jose Altuve.
Altuve throws it to first baseman Yuli Gurriel and...and...that's it!
Do you believe it? The Houston Astros are your 2017 World Series champions! First time in franchise history! Fantastic victory for the Astros!
Congratulations to the Astros and their fans! And that's it for us, too. We'll see you next year!

Next!

Lauren, Sankó, and the Machine have finished one journey. A journey of love, loss, and hope. Of endings and beginnings.

So what **does** happen next? What will Hamilton do? What about Frank and Richard? Where does Lauren go from here? Does she stay in Detroit? Or move somewhere else and start over? What about her friends? What about her dreams?

We'll find out! Stay with me for the next journey! It's gonna be fun!

Wolf Tales

Want to get in touch?

Please write to
letters@vonallan.com

What a journey. While it probably doesn't seem like it from the outside, it's been one helluva trip to get here.

It's also fascinating to get to this point. What point is that? Well, creating comics takes a *lot* of work. A shocking amount, really, and even more so when you're doing what I'm doing; wearing all the hats. Writing, art, production…you name it, I do it!

So yes, I knew the story would be getting to *this* point for a long time now. The death of Patty. Lauren's embrace of the machine. Sankō becoming a big part of her life. A really long time. From way back in 2016. I certainly didn't know all the ins and outs. As I noted last issue, there was never a master plan for the story. Just broad narrative goals that I knew I wanted to reach. And it's neat, in a really great way, to finally reach *this* point and see how it all played out.

Even *I'm* surprised by a few things. That, let me tell you, is a pretty neat feeling.

Storytelling is fun like that. It really is. In some ways storytelling is at its best when even the creators involved don't know exactly where things are heading. There's risk in that journey, but there's a lot of satisfaction and joy, too.

And it's lovely to have people like you on the journey with me. So stick around for what's next. I promise it won't be dull!

Lastly, don't forget about the documentary I participated in! ***I AM STILL YOUR CHILD***. The film's official website is over at http://iamstillyourchild.com. Please check it out! Ω

- Von Allan
Ottawa, Ontario

2
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And I doubt Mister Jeremy Hamilton is the kind of guy who will let it slide.
SENIOR ARPC
STILL IN COMA
BY ERIC SAM
CHALLENGES!
Hamilton.
I know, buddy. I know. It's okay for now.
MYSTERIES!
IT'S THE STORY THAT COUNTS!
--I want that bitch dead.
DANGER!
Wolf's Head
Issue 7
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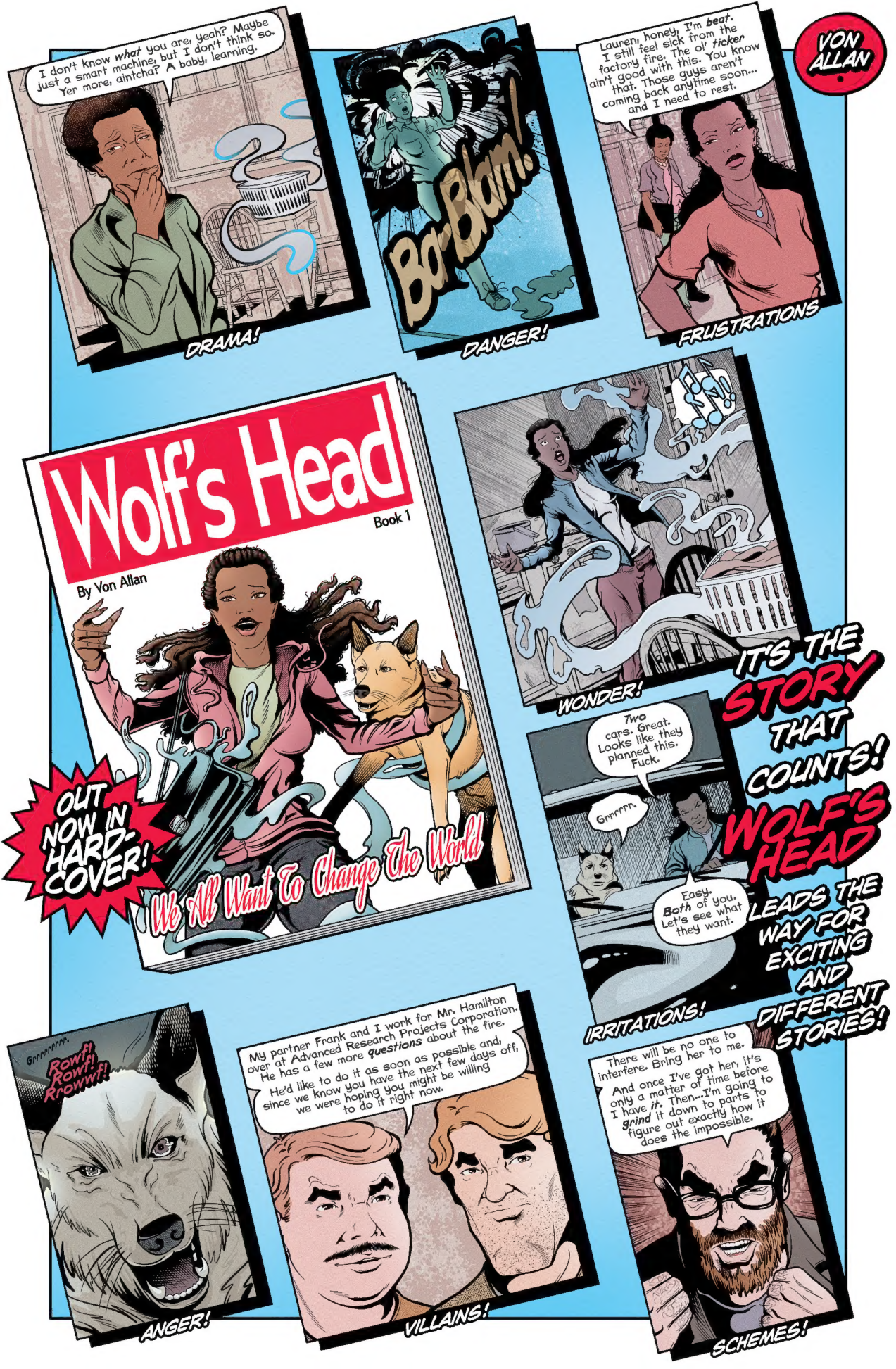
OUT NOW ON KINDLE!
C'mon, c'mon! Just keep lifting me up. You have to hold my weight. Hold me--
WONDER!
I think what I've been doing is the wrong way to go. I need to talk with someone.
Someone who knows about artificial intelligence, but isn't tied to Hamilton or his stupid Advanced Research Projects Corporation.
Preferably someone who hates ARPC as much as we do.
INTRIGUE!
I've tried so hard to keep everyone away. To keep them safe.
All while I keep you safe. While I learn to work with you.
EMOTION!
WOLF'S HEAD
LEADS THE WAY FOR EXCITING AND DIFFERENT STORIES!
VON ALLAN

Wolf's Head Book One. ISBN: 978-1-989885-17-8


VON ALLAN
I don't know what you are, yeah? Maybe just a smart machine, but I don't think so. Yer more, aintcha? A baby, learning.
DRAMA!
Ba-Blam!
DANGER!
Lauren, honey. I'm beat. I still feel sick from the factory fire. The ol' ticker ain't good with this. You know that. Those guys aren't coming back anytime soon... and I need to rest.
FRUSTRATIONS
Wolf's Head
Book 1
By Von Allan
We All Want To Change The World
OUT NOW IN HARD-COVER!
WONDER!
Two cars. Great. Looks like they planned this. Fuck.
Grrrrrr.
Easy. Both of you. Let's see what they want.
IRRITATIONS!
IT'S THE STORY THAT COUNTS!
WOLF'S HEAD
LEADS THE WAY FOR EXCITING AND DIFFERENT STORIES!
Grrrrrrrrr.
Rowf! Rowf! Rrowwf!
ANGER!
My partner Frank and I work for Mr. Hamilton over at Advanced Research Projects Corporation. He has a few more questions about the fire.
He'd like to do it as soon as possible and, since we know you have the next few days off, we were hoping you might be willing to do it right now.
VILLAINS!
There will be no one to interfere. Bring her to me.
And once I've got her, it's only a matter of time before I have it. Then...I'm going to grind it down to parts to figure out exactly how it does the impossible.
SCHEMES!

NOW

available for free around the world!

LASERS, BARBARIANS, BOUNTY HUNTERS, AND A KIDNAPPED PRINCESS!

Give it a try today!

FREE?

YES! "SHEBA THE GREAT!" IS A FREE WEBCOMIC THAT YOU CAN READ ONLINE OR DOWNLOAD IN .CBZ!

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The two posters in Lauren's apartment ("49th annual exhibition of American paintings sculpture Ride the North Shore Line" by Mildred Waltrip and the Detroit Federal Theatre Project's poster of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here"), the posters in the diner (Victory! Congress passes daylight saving bill, Defense! Long Island women, and October's "bright blue weather" A good time to read!), the posters in the Grassland Park Animal Shelter (Report Dog Bites by Earl Schuler and Pet show WPA recreation project, Dist. No. 2 by Arlington Gregg), the poster in the trash behind Patty's apartment building (Federal Theatre - Marionette Theatre presents "RUR" Remo Bufano director by Charles Verschuuren), and the posters in the Raymond Stevens Officer Tower (See America - Welcome to Montana by M. Weitzman, See America - United States Travel Bureau by Alexander Dux, See America - Welcome to Montana by Richard Hall, and See America - United States Travel Bureau by Frank S. Nicholson) were created by the Works Progress Administration and are part of the Work Projects Administration Poster Collection (Library of Congress). These works are in the public domain in the United States because they were prepared by an officer or employee of the United States Government as part of that person's official duties under the terms of Title 17, Chapter 1, Section 101 and 105 of the US Code.

Further information regarding the Detroit Federal Theatre Project's poster of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here" can be found at http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/98513193/.

Further information regarding the "49th annual exhibition of American paintings sculpture Ride the North Shore Line" by Mildred Waltrip can be found at http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/98513526/

Further information regarding Victory! Congress passes daylight saving bill can be found at http://lccn.loc.gov/2002722591.

Further information regarding Defense! Long Island women can be found at http://lccn.loc.gov/98516347.

Further information regarding October's "bright blue weather" A good time to read! can be found at http://lccn.loc.gov/98509532.

Further infromation regarding Report Dog Bites by Earl Schuler can be found at http://lccn.loc.gov/93511152.

Further information regarding Pet show WPA recreation project, Dist. No. 2 by Arlington Gregg can be found at http://lccn.loc.gov/98510115

Further information regarding Federal Theatre - Marionette Theatre presents "RUR" Remo Bufano director by Charles Verschuuren can be found at http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/96524672/

Further information regarding See America - Welcome to Montana by M. Weitzman can be found at https://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/96503136/

Further information regarding See America - United States Travel Bureau by Alexander Dux can be found at https://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/96503125/

Further information regarding See America - Welcome to Montana by Richard Hall can be found at https://loc.gov/pictures/resource/cph.3g04240/

Further informationg regarding See America - United States Travel Bureau by Frank S. Nicholson can be found at https://loc.gov/pictures/resource/cph.3g02615/

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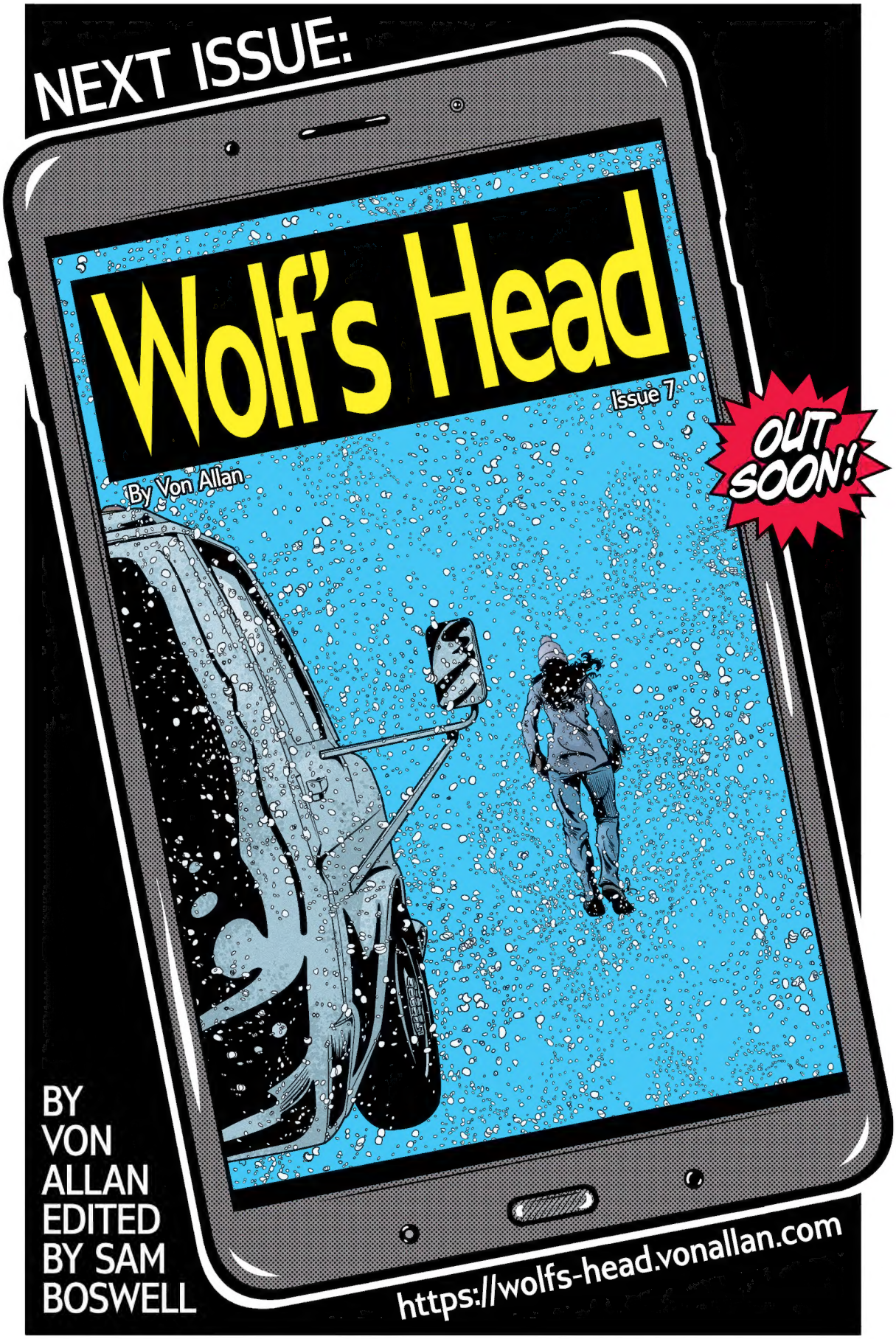

BY VON ALLAN EDITED BY SAM BOSWELL

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